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Animals in Art

VII. Indian: Part I

by K. de B. CODRINGTON

Mr Codrington is Professor of Indian Archaeology at London University. He was born in India, served in the Indian Army and has been Keeper of the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum from 1923 till the present year

(Right) Bull capital in sandstone from Rampurva, Bihar: about 3rd century B.C. Here, at the beginning of the history of Indian art, it is linked with that of the West, by the Classical honeysuckle and palmetto motives on the abacus



By courtesy of the Indian Museum, Calcutta

WHEN Wendell Wilkie coined the phrase "One World", he was putting into words a truism known to all students of the past. When Kipling said that "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet", he was merely voicing that peculiar form of self-consciousness called "nationalism", a comparatively modern malady. In the Central Court of the Royal Academy, during the recent Indian Exhibition, stood the famous bull capital from Rampurva, one of a distinctive group of pillars associated with the great Emperor Asoka, who ruled in Northern India in the 3rd century B.C. To anyone who knows India it was, perhaps, the most *Indian* of all the many treasures in the Exhibition, for the Indian humped-bull is today, as in the past, a feature of the Indian landscape. It occurs on the seals used at Mohenjo-Daro in the 3rd millennium B.C. At the contemporary site of Chanhudaro, a clay model of a cart was found, almost identical with the carts in which the humped-bull draws the grain to market in certain parts of India today. But apart from its evident antiquity in the land, the humped-bull has a special dignity in Hinduism, as the vehicle of the great god, Siva. It might, therefore, be said that the Rampurva bull is essentially Indian. However, around the abacus on which it stands are to be seen the honeysuckle and palmetto motives familiar to students of Classical art. At the very beginning of the history of Indian art, therefore, the East does meet the West, in spite of Kipling.

Asoka was converted to Buddhism early in his reign and the inscriptions, for which he is famous, display a missionary zeal for the pro-

pagation of the Buddhist way of life. In one of his edicts he says that he sent emissaries to the foreign kings, Antiochos of Syria, Ptolemy Philadelphos of Egypt, Magas of Cyrene and Alexander of Epeiros. Of Alexander the Great, himself, we have found no trace in India, although it was obviously the official historians of his great march eastward who first really made India known to the West. Asoka's inscriptions make it clear that his successors were known in India. Towards the end of Asoka's reign, Bactria revolted against Syrian rule and the new Bactrian dynasty began to issue a purely Greek coinage of unsurpassed beauty. The descendants of these Hellenistic Bactrian kings, unable to face the growing pressure of Central Asian nomads from the North, eventually retreated across the Hindu Kush and founded dynasties in India itself.

Moreover, the contacts with the West were never broken. At the ancient Indian university city of Taxila and at Begram in Afghanistan, a considerable quantity of objects of Roman manufacture has been excavated, including Roman bronzes and glass from Syria. In the 2nd century A.D., these contacts had produced a remarkable school of sculpture in the north-west of India. Gandhara, the ancient Indian kingdom of which the heart was the Peshawar valley of today at the mouth of the Khyber Pass, was a flourishing centre of Buddhism. The patrons of this new school were Buddhist and its subjects are drawn from the Buddhist scriptures. It used to be called "Graeco-Buddhist", but it is now plain that it reflects contemporary Roman influences and that many of its scenes and

motives are comparable with those on Roman sarcophagi. It is quite clear that the artists were following a written canon and that they followed it very closely.

The Gandharan bas-relief panel on this page is one of a series associated with the birth of the Buddha. Myths and stories of all kinds had already become attached to the Blessed One's life-story. Originally a teacher, he had already been deified, as was known to Clement of Alexandria. He was born, immaculate, from his mother in the Lumbini Garden and was received in a golden net by the four great Brahma gods of the universe. At the same time were born other personages associated with his career as the world-teacher, including the horse, Kanthaka, on which he was to ride forth on his great mission when he made the Great Renunciation.

We do not know who the artists were who produced Gandharan sculpture. We do know, however, that whether they were Indian or Eurasian, they had seen the Roman works of art that have been excavated at Taxila and in Afghanistan. It is also plain that their task was to illustrate the Buddhist books. There is

a certain naïve charm about some of the best of their work, but it is essentially literary. It does not spring from the people, but merely serves its Buddhist patrons' purpose. Again, we do not know who these patrons were. Gandharan art, however, spread northward along the silk-routes to China and may be traced at many sites that mark those ancient trade-routes. Its patrons were probably well-to-do merchants, and not ploughmen or shepherds.

The upper illustration on page 163 shows a bas-relief from Bharhut, the famous early Buddhist site in Central India, which is 2nd century B.C. At that time, images of the Buddha were not made. The Blessed One in his teaching had revolted against the multifarious gods of Brahminism and the priestcraft which they had engendered. The secret of life was right thinking and right conduct, not ritual or dogma. More than man, he was less than god. The central object of worship at Bharhut was the stupa, the domed cenotaph, the symbol of the departed Teacher. It was surrounded by a railing pierced by gateways; and the pillars and medallions of



By courtesy of the Central Museum, Lahore

The birth of the Buddha's horse Kanthaka, on which he rode forth from the palace at the Great Renunciation. One of a series of panels from the ancient Kingdom of Gandhara: 2nd-4th century A.D.



By courtesy of the Curzon Museum, Muttra

(Above) A bas-relief medallion in sandstone from the stupa railing at Bharhut: 2nd century B.C. There were a number of these elephant-and-rider medallions at Bharhut. Used mainly as decoration, they do not represent any definite Birth Story. Most of the Birth Story reliefs and scenes from the life of the Buddha, and some of the figures of gods are inscribed, so that there can be no doubt as to what is meant. (Right) Caparisoned bull, a moulded terracotta from Kondapur, in Hyderabad State: 2nd-3rd century A.D. The bull wears festal garlands on its horns and round its neck and body, adorned just as bulls are in Indian villages today



By courtesy of the Government Museum, Hyderabad



By courtesy of the Archaeological Museum, Gwalior



By courtesy of the Central Asian Antiquities Museum, New Delhi

(Above) Double lion capital in sandstone, from Gwalior Fort, probably 6th or 7th century A.D. The form is quite unique, but is reminiscent of double-headed animal designs used to ornament crutch-headed sticks, etc. (Left) Horse-bodied siren and rider in moulded terracotta, recently excavated at Ahichhatra: about A.D. 500. It is one of a series of panels used for the decoration of a temple. (Opposite) Lion and hunter, the bracket of a pillar, in sandstone, from Bhuvaneshwar in Orissa: about A.D. 1100. This and the last picture illustrate the taste of early Indian sculptors for fabulous animal-forms

this railing are sculptured with figures of the gods and scenes from the Buddha's life. Buddhism did not deny the old gods. They, like human beings and animals, are creatures tied to the wheel of life, to be born again and again according to their merits or demerits, without hope of release. Even in orthodox Hinduism, the gods are liable to re-birth as aeon succeeds aeon, receiving, each of them, the meed of their actions, good or bad. It is written that Visvakarma, the Architect of the gods, once waxed proud and lost his temper in the presence of the great Indra, king of gods. Indra merely laughed and pointed to the ants beneath his throne, each one of which had been a Visvakarma in his day, and an Indra, too.

The Greeks felt themselves to be different from certain other peoples and called them Barbarians. We call our barbarians "uncivilized" and "uneducated", by which we usually mean "illiterate". Literacy has only recently become a universal ideal. In point of fact, it is not a thing in itself, but only a tool. It all depends on what you use it for. Many people in India still cannot read and in those days very few people could. Unlike Gandharan sculpture, the Bharhut reliefs were made for people who could not read, though that does not mean that they did not know a great deal.

And here once again, East meets West. Since a man so wise must have lived many times previously, great prominence was given to the Former Lives of the Buddha. Later these old stories were written down and amplified, but in the 2nd century B.C. they lived on the people's tongues. Each one of the thousands of pilgrims who thronged in the holy places of Buddhism on festival days had known them as long as he had known anything. They belonged to the people and the literary version as we know it is, indeed, the richest treasury of folk-lore we have. The Buddha, like all living beings, was not merely man, for the conception of the unity of all creation is fundamental in Indian thought. Just as a god had been an ant, so the Buddha and been monkey and bull and elephant.

The fine elephant on page 163 is reminiscent of the life story No. 156 of the literary version. It is a simple enough story and tells how in the days long ago in the reign of the good king Brahmadatta, some carpenters used to go up the Ganges to cut timber for their work. One day an elephant got a splinter in his foot and the carpenters, seeing that it was in pain, drew it out. The elephant was grateful and repaid their kindness by helping them in their work and each day they shared their food



By courtesy of the Indian Museum, Calcutta

The gods of India express the unity of all creation: each is tied to the wheel of life and may in a former incarnation have appeared as an ant or an elephant. (Left) Ganesa, the elephant-headed god of Beginnings and Enterprise, in bronze. Southern Indian, probably 18th century



By courtesy of Sir Cowasji Jehangir, Bart., Bombay

(Right) Hanuman, Rama's monkey attendant and henchman, in cast bronze. Southern Indian, probably 11th century A.D. These Hanuman figures, of which only a few exist, are marked by a sensitive treatment unusual among the Southern bronzes



By courtesy of the Government Museum, Madras

with it. When the elephant grew old it brought its son and left it in the carpenters' charge to work for them. But the king heard of this wonderful elephant and claimed it. Having seen that proper gifts were given to his masters, the elephant consented to enter the king's service. Later, when the Buddha was born as the prince of that kingdom, the elephant defended his capital and drove away his enemies.

Western readers will immediately recognize here the chief incident in the story of Androcles and the Lion. Indeed, Western folklore and such compilations as the Latin *Gesta Romanorum* have borrowed many of these old Indian animal stories. In fact, the origin of Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale* is to be found in the Buddhist Life Story No. 48, so close is East to West when it comes to story-telling. Most of our animal fables are Indian.

When people say that Indian art is merely religious and symbolic, they forget these old stories and the early Indian sculptures which illustrate them. Fantasy has its place in story-telling and India has its own gallery of Satyrs and Sirens, like the female horse-bodied creature at the bottom of page 164. The lion-slayer, like the bull-slayer of Western art, is a much-repeated motive in later times in the South. The illustration on page 165 is a fine example. The strange double-headed capital shown on page 164 (top) is unique. There is a tendency among Western art-critics to seek an abstruse symbolism* in everything Indian. In this case, it is obvious that the artist took great delight in his strange subject, whatever it may mean and wherever he may have got it from.

In two vivid personalities, the ancient Indian delight in animals survives in modern Hinduism. Ganesa, offspring of Siva, the great god, is the elephant-headed god of Beginnings and, as such, appears at the head of the merchants' and bankers' accounts. Hanuman is the hero of the romantic Ramayana Epic, in which he serves with tender fidelity Rama and Sita in exile. Indeed, he is the arch-type of faithful service. In living India, in the Deccan, his shrine stands at the



By courtesy of John Irwin, Esq., London

God with sword and shield mounted on a blackbuck, in cast brass from Bihar. These little figures are still made in various parts of India among the primitive jungle tribes

gates of the village, where marriage-parties and visitors are met and many ceremonies have their beginning. Indeed, both in art and literature and also in the real, colourful, vital Indian scene, the elephant and the humped-bull and the monkey are the animals of India. The horse finds an insignificant place as the vehicle of minor and somewhat obscure deities. The little primitive brass figure on this page shows a god armed with sword and buckler, riding on a blackbuck, one of many such figures made among India's many primitive tribes. With them, the Hindu tradition ends and an even older, tribal tradition dominates, embodying perhaps what might be called the most ancient India of all.

A Girdle of Emeralds

The Proposed 'United States of Indonesia'

by C. A. THOMAS

FROM Sumatra to New Guinea, a distance of over 3000 miles, stretch the lovely islands of the East Indies, a "girdle of emeralds" linking Asia to Australasia. There are more than 2000 of these islands, and between 70 and 80 million people live in them. From the Javanese professor, with Western education superimposed upon an old and beautiful native culture, to the Dyak tribesmen, who have only recently abandoned head-hunting, there are wide differences of tradition and outlook among people loosely termed Indonesians. Nevertheless, the term 'Indonesia' has at least as much justification as 'India' ever had.

The majority of Indonesians are at least partly of Malay stock. Many languages are spoken, but Malay has been developed as the vehicle of commerce, administration and elementary education throughout the islands. In three hundred years the Dutch have built up in the East Indies a centralized administrative system, and have thus created a unity which did not exist when they came. Most important of all, Indonesia does not have to face a terrible religious division. Although there are areas in the archipelago where Christianity, Hinduism or Paganism predominate, the Moslem religion is nowhere seriously challenged.

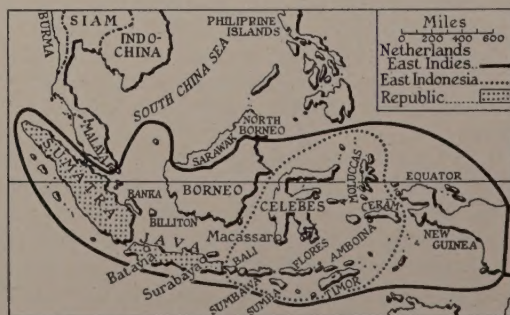
A plan for a 'United States of Indonesia' was first put forward at conferences held at Malino (Celebes) and Den Pasar (Bali) in 1946. It was discussed then between representatives of the (Dutch) Netherlands East Indies Government and of the islands other than Java and Sumatra. It was formally embodied in the Linggadjati Agreement, signed in March 1947 by representatives of the Netherlands and of the Indonesian "Republic" (Java and Sumatra).

The Linggadjati agreement provided for the creation of *negaras* or autonomous states, united under a Federal government. *Negaras* named were the Republic (consisting of the whole of Java and Sumatra); East Indonesia (Celebes and the mass of smaller islands east of Java); and Borneo, later divided into "West Borneo" and the "Great Siak". New Guinea, where a colonial rule is still necessary, was excluded from the Federation.

The Linggadjati agreement did not enter into details of the division of responsibility between separate *negara* governments and the central government. It was generally assumed that the division would be roughly on the lines of that between the powers of State and Federal Governments in the U.S.A. The central government (but not the individual *negaras*) was to be granted sovereignty, and would enter into a Union with the Kingdom of the Netherlands consisting of the Netherlands, and of Surinam and Curaçao in the West Indies.

Unfortunately, after this agreement was signed, discussions again broke down, and in July 1947 the Dutch launched a 'police action' against Republican-held territory in Java and Sumatra. Intervention by the Security Council led to the signature in January of this year, on board the U.S.S. *Renville*, of a further agreement between the Netherlands and the nationalists. The Federal structure of the new Indonesia was still provided for, but the territories of the new *negaras* were less clearly defined. The establishment of new autonomous states in areas reoccupied by the Dutch forces, which under the Linggadjati Agreement were recognized as Republican territory, had complicated the issue.

Meanwhile the *negaras* of East Indonesia, West Borneo and the Great Siak have been launched; East Indonesia, with its own President (a Balinese) and its own Parliament whose members are mostly chosen by village councils, being the most advanced.



A. J. Thornton

Negaras as proposed in Linggadjati Agreement



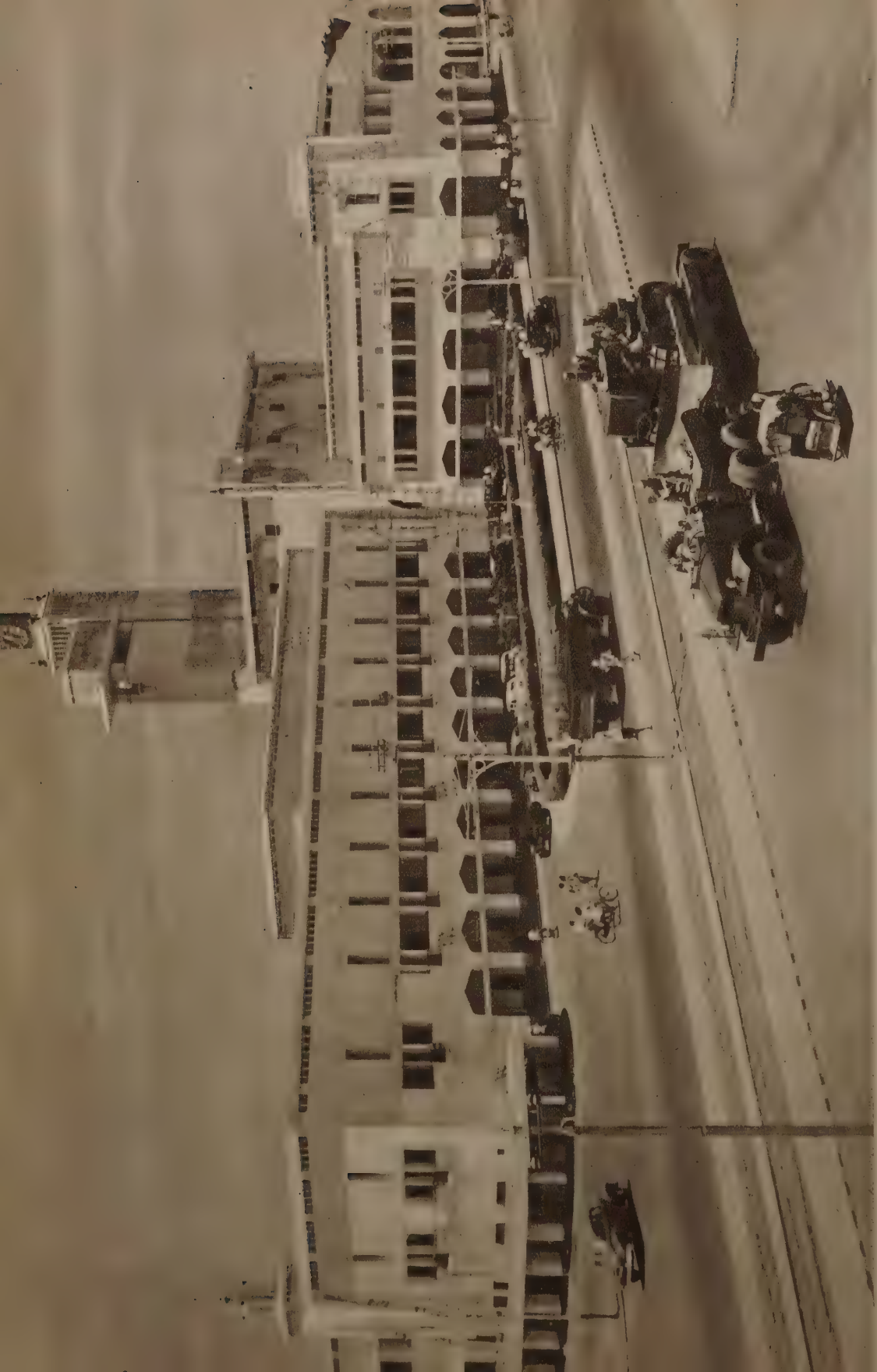
A soldier from the spice island of Amboina, in the Molucca group. Passionately loyal to the Dutch, the Ambonese have long provided many of the best troops of the Netherlands East Indies Army. Amboina is now part of the negara of East Indonesia, which will eventually be an autonomous unit in the new Indonesian Federal State



*With economic development the Europeans brought to Indonesia, as to other countries of South-East Asia, the problem of the immigrant Chinese. These hardworking settlers are the first to suffer when the rule of law breaks down. Pan-
kalanbrandan, an oil port in Sumatra once largely inhabited by Chinese, was set afire in the recent disturbances.*



In the spring of 1942, Japanese troops overran the Indonesian archipelago. Only a very few of the European population were able to escape. Those who remained were crowded into concentration camps; many were forced to do hard labour in the tropical climate on inadequate food; and thousands died. Here are some of their graves on the island of Flores



The government offices at Surabaya, an example of the palatial style of architecture introduced by the Dutch for their official buildings. Surabaya, largest port in East Java, which has half a million inhabitants, was one of the coastal towns occupied by British and Indian forces in 1945



The pasar (bazaar) at Makale, Celebes, with its pointed gable roofs, typifies the Indonesian style of building. Throughout the archipelago the pasar is the meeting-place in towns and large villages. Stall-holders, who in coastal districts are often Chinese or Arabs, can make large fortunes



Bamboo is the universal raw material of the Indonesian peasant, being used for house-building, making farm implements and (cut into hollow sections) for cooking and carrying water. In the forests of Flores, bamboos grow to giant size. They illustrate the tropical richness of the Indonesian 'girdle of emeralds'—



—while rice-terraces in Central Celebes give a dramatic impression of the labour involved in turning it to advantage. Although rice cultivation is the main preoccupation of the Indonesian peasants, the expanding population of the islands absorbs all that can be produced and the East Indies before the war imported rice



All photographs by W. N. Stuijbergen from Camera Press

The famous mosque at Medan, in North Sumatra. A great majority of the people of Indonesia are Moslems—a most important factor in unifying the many races which inhabit the islands. Islam is not practised in its strictest forms: women go unveiled and in some areas local custom prescribes a system of matriarchy

The Tyne

II. Watersmeet to Sources

by J. ALLAN CASH, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

JUST above Hexham the North and South Tynes join, at a quiet and inaccessible spot near the tiny village of Warden. The former comes down from the heights of the Cheviot Hills almost on the Scottish border; the latter from the heart of the Pennines in Cumberland. Both are about the same size, the South Tyne being somewhat the longer.

I have explored both these rivers, the first time being from Wall, a little village a few miles up the North Tyne. This place is named after Hadrian's Wall which crossed the river at this point. The remains of a Roman bridge can still be seen below the village, but the wall has largely disappeared over much of its course. A good deal of it could be found in houses and farm buildings nearby, for until quite recent times people regarded the wall

as an excellent source of ready-made building material. When a military road was built under the programme initiated by General Wade in 1726, whole sections of the wall went into its foundations, and today for many miles along its course the most prominent feature is the Vallum or ditch built by the Romans at varying distances from the wall. Near Housesteads, however, a few miles north of Barden Mill on the South Tyne, there is a long section of the original wall, now carefully preserved by the National Trust.

Today the wall is about five feet high, but originally it seems to have been about fifteen feet high with a five-foot parapet on the north side to protect the sentries on the walk along the top. The width of the wall was about eight feet. It is a grand feeling today to stand





Looking eastwards from Housesteads, a few miles north of Barden Mill on the South Tyne, the Roman Wall can be seen following along slopes and hills far across the wild Northumberland countryside

on the wall itself on one of the hill tops, and look across country to see how the thin black line of the wall follows the hills, one after another, taking skilful advantage of the steep slopes and cliffs that face northwards, until it disappears into the distance. The Romans used this wall as a means of protection against the warring northern tribes, but also as a base for further northward penetration, as the legions went far beyond the Firth of Forth. When the Romans left Britain, the wall fell into decay. Despite the continual ravages of the northern tribes and their repeated raids into England, no one, not even the Normans, ever afterwards used the wall for defence purposes. Perhaps no one but the Romans was capable of organizing such a vast project.

At Chollerford, just above Wall, the Military Road crosses the North Tyne on a fine stone bridge. On the west side is the George, a famous old hostelry dating back several centuries. The river can be followed on either bank, each yielding fine extensive views and

unexpected corners of English beauty. There is nothing wild and bleak about this river for some miles at least; much of the country is as rich and leafy as the southern counties of Sussex or Hampshire. One after another we come upon the old castles and fortified manor-houses, many of them occupied today and in excellent preservation. Haughton Castle commands a fine stretch of the river where it breaks into white water. Chipchase Castle stands in beautiful parkland above the river where it makes a double bend. The name comes from the Saxon word *cheþan*, to buy and sell, and is associated with Cheapside in London and all the various Chippings in southern England.

I first explored the North Tyne in winter-time during an unusual spell of cold but sunny weather. There was snow on the high Cheviots, Peel Fell, the hill on which the river rises, being a mass of white against the blue sky. The ground in these parts is exceptionally boggy and dangerous to walk on. But after

(Right) *The weir at Chollerford on the North Tyne. Below it the river is split into several channels by small, willow-covered islands; above is a stretch of smooth water, lined by fine trees. The grounds of the famous old hostelry, the George, reach down to the bank on the west shore*



(Left) *At Kielder, about six miles from the source, the North Tyne is quite sizeable, having been joined by Kielder Burn, a larger stream. Here are children sliding on the ice in winter-time. In the background are seen the Cheviot Hills.*



The North Tyne rises high up on the slopes of Peel Fell, the snow-covered hill in the distance. The crest of Peel Fell, one of the Cheviot Hills, marks the boundary between England and Scotland

many days' frost it was hard and firm, and when I had driven along the lonely road that leads into Scotland until it crossed the diminishing river for the last time, I left my car, climbed a stone wall and set off across the moors. It was hard, rough going but the tiny trickle of water that becomes the North Tyne was finally traced to its source. It was a glorious walk over those rolling hills in the keen northern winter air.

About six miles below, the Tyne is joined by Kielder Burn, actually a larger stream, in a lovely wooded spot. On a steep little hill at the junction, almost hidden in trees, is Kielder Castle, scene of much of Sir Walter Scott's novel *Border Minstrelsy*. Other streams come in on either side as the river gradually makes

its way down out of the wild moorland country in the Cheviots to the quieter, softer valley of farms and cosy little villages such as Falstone, Wark, Barrasford and Humshaugh. Bellingham, situated close to the junction with the Rede, is however still a rather bleak and forlorn little place. Redesdale was the main route down which the Scots and other northern tribes, and later the northern dalesmen, came on their marauding expeditions, and this little place suffered continuously. The church has a stone roof as a protection against fire-raiders.

I have seen this river in summer-time as well, when the countryside is lush with greenery and fine crops are growing in the fields. Then it is pleasant to amble slowly



A fisherman's paradise on the South Tyne, close to Featherstone Bridge. Both the North and South Tynes, in contrast to the industrialized lower reaches, provide excellent trout and salmon fishing

through the lanes and picnic beneath the trees on the river-bank. The air is always clear and fresh in the upper reaches, and if you go tramping there you may easily find you have wandered into Scotland, for the ridge of the Cheviots is the border.

There are good roads up the South Tyne, too, and one starts through similar farming country with particularly prosperous-looking farms on the hillside above the river. There are castles as well, many of them, for this was warring country for many hundreds of years. Hayden Bridge hugs the river on both banks and was important in the Middle Ages and later, for it had the only bridge across the Tyne before Newcastle was reached. This structure was washed away in the great flood

of 1771 but was rebuilt.

There are some lovely leafy stretches of the river around Barden Mill; then Haltwhistle is reached, the largest town on the South Tyne. This is a small coal-mining area and Haltwhistle has not the same rustic charm as some of the other places. But the people are as kind-hearted as all the Tyne valley folk, and if you stop to inquire the way here you will find the warmest friendliness and assistance.

A couple of miles higher up, the river valley turns southwards and here the scenery is rich and beautiful to a degree. Along one side is Featherstone Park with a fine old fortified manor-house in its grounds. This, like Bellister Castle nearby, is haunted, and many a local inhabitant has seen the spirits of a



(Above) Henshaw, a scattered little Tyneside village near Haltwhistle. (Below) Featherstone Park, where the South Tyne, flowing northwards from the Pennines, takes a sudden turn to the east to pass through Haltwhistle





All photographs by the author

The South Tyne comes winding down between the moorland hills of the Pennines in eastern Cumberland. It rises beyond Alston on the heights of Bellbeaver Rigg, across the valley from Cross Fell

murdered minstrel and a deserted maiden passing mournfully through the woods in the moonlight. It behoves one not to laugh when these tales are told by the people of Featherstone Park.

Following the river up from here, one gradually comes into the high hills of the central Pennines, lofty rounded peaks, running up to 3000 feet above sea level. Alston, a quaint old market town built on a steep hillside, is well worth exploring with its curious little alleys and back streets. Just beyond it the country becomes really wild and the road rises for mile after mile up on to Alston Moor. The river can be seen far below, gleaming in the sunlight as it makes its way rapidly below the frowning black hills. I came up here first also on a winter's day, with brilliant sunshine and an icy wind. Near the summit I left my car again and tramped across the moorland on an old track to some disused lead mines on a hill known as Bellbeaver Rigg. Every few hundred yards I crossed a tiny stream wend-

ing its way down through the heather and peat to join the main river. One of these, two miles from the road, was the South Tyne, emerging in a wild, deserted spot across the valley from towering Cross Fell, with the mountains of the Lake District gleaming white, far away to the west. Yes, this is where the South Tyne rises, in the heart of the Pennines, actually in Cumberland and nearer to the west coast of England than to the east.

The Tyne provides a fine selection of English scenery, if you would follow its course and linger awhile in the parts that meet with your particular approval. And you will not quickly forget the people of the Tyne valley, whether they be simple farm workers, road menders, shepherds or coal miners on their way home from the little mines in the hills—anyone, in fact, whom you stopped and conversed with on your wanderings. Grand people living on a famous river, with a history that goes back as far into the past as that of any part of Great Britain.

Yaks

by LT.-COLONEL F. M. BAILEY, C.I.E.

If anyone except a Tibetan is qualified to describe the character and capacities of the yak, it is Colonel Bailey, who has been in and out of Tibet and the Himalayas for some 35 years. His latest book, Mission to Tashkent, records his adventures in the U.S.S.R. during the years 1918-20

As a friend to the children commend me the Yak.

You will find it exactly the thing:

It will carry and fetch, you can ride on its back,

Or lead it about with a string.

Hilaire Belloc

THE yak is one of the few animals found both domesticated and wild. Other animals which occur to the mind are the elephant, the camel and horse. The two latter, when found wild, are probably the descendants of tame animals: the elephant is caught wild and tamed. Wild yaks are called "drong" in Tibetan; tame ones "yak" for the male and "dri" or "drimo" for the female. The half-breeds, a cross between cattle and yak, are called "dzo". They are used at lower elevations than the pure yak.

In comparison with his domesticated relative, the wild yak is of immense size. A bull may be as much as six feet high at the withers. In western Tibet there are large herds of wild yak. Once on arriving at a camp in this part of the country, at 17,000 feet above sea level, I saw a herd of yaks only half a mile from the camp which was being prepared for the party. It was mid-winter and the cold intense. I went into the tent to have a cup of tea. While I was drinking this, I asked the Tibetans whether they ever saw any wild yak about here. To my intense surprise they said that the herd which I had just seen was wild. I had never imagined that wild animals would be so little alarmed as to graze so close to a camp of active human beings. I not unnaturally thought that these animals belonged to the local inhabitants and had probably carried their tents and property to this spot.

I went out at once, and had no difficulty in getting within a couple of hundred yards of them and spent some time watching them "belly down on frozen drift", as Kipling wrote. There were, as far as I could count, one hundred. They seemed to be females and calves, though at the far side of the herd there were, I think, some bulls. I was feeling the height and had a bad go of mountain sickness, and did not feel able to do much more climbing at 17,000 feet for what appeared to be a small trophy. I had been told that, though their sense of smell was keen, they did not very much mind seeing

human beings—they were, after all, in full view of the camp a few hundred yards away—but that the smell of a man sent them off at once. I therefore told a Tibetan who had come with me from the camp to walk along a small sunken stream-bed, and I calculated that when he had gone a certain distance the yaks would get his wind and would gallop past me and give me a better view and possibly a shot. This the man did, and I saw what I think was one of the finest and most impressive sights in my life. As soon as they smelt a man the whole herd lifted their heads, waved their big bushy tails over their backs, and, as though drilled, galloped off—unfortunately, away from me and not past me, as I hoped.

The next day we had to cross a pass 18,700 feet high. I was still suffering from mountain sickness. After climbing for a few miles, we saw, some distance off the road, four large bull yaks, their huge jet-black forms looking superb on the snowy landscape. They were not together in a herd, but spaced out with several hundred yards between them. In spite of my sickness, I felt I must try to shoot one. As I approached them, I found that the nearest one—the only one at which, owing to the direction of the wind, I could get a shot—had deformed horns; one horn curled down under his throat. I am afraid I was almost glad of an excuse to return. Moving through deep snow in winter at such a height is no joke; and when, on the top of other discomforts, you have the headache and the other symptoms of mountain sickness, it requires a great prize to make you continue. I never saw any more of these animals and have always regretted that I let the opportunity pass.

The tame yak is a smaller affair and is often parti-coloured. The wild ones which I saw were all pure black. I think the old bulls had some grey about the muzzle, but, as they were feeding on mosses under the snow, I cannot be certain. White yak-tails are exported from Tibet to India, where they are used to wave over the heads of the great ones of the land; black or brown tails have no value for this purpose.



All photographs by the author

A yak, mounted by the author's mother-in-law, being "led about with a string". Unled, the rider may guide his mount with a single rein through the nose (see picture overleaf) but has little control

It is difficult to imagine how Tibet at the higher altitudes could be made habitable for man without the yak. There is no wood. This makes house-building impossible and the people, whose occupation is the care of yaks, sheep and goats, live in tents. Questions of grazing make it essential that they should move periodically and for this reason, also, permanent houses would be unsuitable. The tents themselves are made of coarse cloth woven out of the woolly hair of the yak.

Absence of wood raises the problem of fuel. The dung of the yak when dried makes passable fuel, though it gives a taste to food cooked over it. By a provision of nature, a grazier or trader bringing yaks to a camping-place would leave behind about as much of this fuel as he consumed; a party spending one night at a camp would require less fuel than a grazier spending several weeks and the quantity left behind would be in proportion

to the consumption. Though it might be that no one passed that way for many years, the traveller would find a quantity of dry fuel ready to be picked up.

Then the yak provides all the food that these people want—or, at least, all they get: meat, milk, butter and cheese. No grain is eaten except as a luxury. Salt and borax, which the nomads find round the saline lakes, together with the products of their yaks, are taken to the lower elevations, or to trade marts where these things are exchanged for grain. Ropes for tying up the yaks and for pitching their tents are also made of yak-hair. In fact, all their simple requirements come from this one animal.

Yaks travel very slowly—about two miles an hour—grazing as they go. Any attempt to hurry them ends in disaster. I have had considerable experience of these animals as transport, and came to a fixed conclusion as



(Left) *Unusual cavalry! A detachment of Indian soldiers who accompanied the author on a journey to Chinese Turkestan in 1918.* (Below) *Yaks being loaded. They are tied to a rope pegged down at the end—a feeble method but effective. Only one shows the white tail valued in India for high ceremonial purposes*



In 1904, the expedition which reached Lhasa under Sir Francis Younghusband harnessed yaks in rough carts with considerable success. Along the flat plateau the yak was able to transport $2\frac{1}{2}$ times his usual pack-load. Many, however, were quite untamable and, in their terror, bolted and destroyed the carts



to how they should be used if they are required continually day after day.

The Tibetan owner of the transport train naturally wants to do the best he can for his animals; so, as soon as he arrives at a camp, he turns them loose to graze. Then in the morning he goes out to drive them in; but grazing is scanty and each tuft of grass or cushion of moss has to be searched for. The result is that the yaks may be a couple of miles away from the camp in all directions. This means that the anxious traveller sits on his baggage for hours while men go to all points of the compass to find and drive them in. Sometimes the animals disappear and cannot be found, which may entail a delay of a whole day or even longer. On the other hand, yaks must graze; they are not fed on grain and several hours' grazing is absolutely necessary for them, so that they cannot be tied up all night as would be done with a horse or mule.

I found that the best way, though the yak-owner usually objected, was a compromise. As soon as camp was reached, say 2 or 3 p.m., all yaks were unloaded and turned loose to graze. Then, just before dark, they were driven in and tied up. They would not have strayed too far during the few hours of freedom. Again, before daybreak, they were turned loose and were brought in once more when it was time to load them. They also picked up something as they travelled along the road. The tableland of Tibet is very open and the loaded yaks spread out on a broad front, which gives them every opportunity of finding some food. In this way they had several hours' grazing in the twenty-four.

If this plan is followed and the yaks are taken only very short marches, say ten miles a day, they will go on for ever, requiring no rest and, what is more important, requiring no food to be carried for them. A mule eats his load of fodder in about one month—in much less time if there is no grazing and grass as well as grain has to be carried for him; so that if you take a mule a month through a country where you cannot get supplies, you can carry exactly nothing more than the fodder he requires to eat! I was once forced to take yak transport nineteen miles in a day. The poor animals arrived quite exhausted and I was told that it would take many days' rest before they would be fit for use again.

The drivers urge the yaks on with loud whistles and by slinging stones; the animals reply with a grunt and a grinding of the teeth—hence their Latin name *Bos grunniens* (or *Poephagus grunniens*). They are extremely

sure-footed and I have seen never one fall. They go about the same pace over fearful boulders, slippery slopes of ice and snow, through rivers, or over open country. It used to be said that no yak would cross a bridge, but I soon learned that this was false and the yak is no more averse than other animals to crossing a river in this way.

Owing to their sure-footedness, yaks are often used for riding in bad places. It is an unpleasant and helpless feeling to be mounted in such circumstances, but, with a man leading it, you can trust yourself entirely to the animal and you will come to no harm. I found that in Turkestan yaks were much more used for riding than in Tibet. In both countries riding-yaks often have their horns cut off. Any loss of temper or lack of friendliness on the part of the animal is less likely to prove disastrous.

Yaks are indeed of uncertain temper and apt to get obstreperous and gallop off, strewing their loads about. To load yaks in Tibet a long rope is fixed into the ground by a peg at each end; along this a number of yaks are tied by short pieces of rope. It would seem easy for them to stampede or get away, but in practice they seem to pull against each other, and I have never known them to break loose.

Yaks are useful in other ways than for transport and riding. They are used for ploughing. I once took a moving picture of this. The yaks at first refused to go onto the field at all and the ploughman was only able to stop them from bolting by jamming the ploughshare into the hard surface of the ground outside the cultivated field. This made quite a good picture. Ploughing-yaks are usually decorated with wool, which is often dyed red, and with white yak-tails. Yaks are also used for treading out the corn. Once, when crossing a difficult pass in deep snow, I had a large herd of yaks driven in front of the party. They beat down the snow and made it easier for their loaded brethren.

On being brought down to low levels, yaks show every sign of deep distress. In winter they may descend to about 8000 feet in the Himalayas. Further north in Turkestan they can be used at lower elevations. I was once asked to get some yaks for the Canadian Government and arranged for them to travel through Calcutta at the coldest time of year, but the heat must have been terrible for the poor animals. Were I asked to do a similar thing again, I would advise their being sent from Turkestan, where they could be put on the Russian railway without having to suffer any heat.

Switzerland's Pilgrimage Church

by J. P. HARTHAN



W. Marthaler

On September 14, 1948, the Church of St Maria Einsiedeln celebrates the millenary of its miraculous consecration. The hundred inns of the little town will be receiving a vast influx of pilgrims

AMONG places of pilgrimage the Abbey of Einsiedeln in Switzerland is less well known to most people than the great shrines south of the Alps or Pyrenees—Loreto, Compostella, and Montserrat. Yet for more than a thousand years the rule of St Benedict has been followed in this little town which lies in the foothills of the Alps between the lakes of Zürich and Lucerne. Once only, during the three years' occupation by the French revolutionary armies in 1798-1801, has the work of the monastery been interrupted. Today, unlike many of the secularized religious houses of Europe, Einsiedeln is still a flourishing community with a college, a school, and a shrine where many thousands of pilgrims come each year to worship before the miraculous statue of Our Lady of the Hermits.

The history of Einsiedeln begins with St Meinrad, a Swabian monk of the house of

Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who established a hermitage here in the middle of the 9th century. He was murdered by robbers in 861, but the crime was discovered, according to legend, with the help of two ravens who followed the criminals to Zürich with incessant croaking. This pleasant story is perpetuated in the arms of the monastery which show two ravens flying to the right on a gold background. After Meinrad's death other hermits settled around his oratory. In 947 the Emperor Otto I granted to the community extensive forest lands in the district, then forming part of the imperial domain. St Eberhard, first abbot of the newly formed monastery, was made a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire under the direct protection of the Emperor. His successors held this title until the dissolution of the Empire in 1806. The first church was finished by Eberhard in

948 and on the eve of its consecration by the Bishop of Constance the most famous miracle of Einsiedeln is said to have occurred. This was nothing less than the consecration of the church by God himself in the words *Frater, cessa, divinitus consecrata est* ("Stay, brother, the chapel has been consecrated by God himself."). The Bishop of Constance, whose presence was thus rendered superfluous, went in person both to Pope and Emperor to report this miraculous consecration, which was confirmed and ratified by a Bull of Leo VIII in 964. The feast of the *Engelweihe*, or miraculous consecration, is still celebrated on September 14, and will this year achieve its millenary. During the Reformation period the Protestant reformer, Zwingli, was for a time parish priest at Einsiedeln and preached against the famous pilgrimages which brought wealth to the monastery and were not always free of abuse. Monastic discipline was restored by Abbot Johann Eichhorn (1544-69), the second founder of the monastery. Throughout the 17th and 18th centuries the reputation of Einsiedeln increased and survived the disturbances of the French Revolution.

Since the end of the 18th century the number of pilgrims who visit Einsiedeln has varied between 100,000 and 200,000 a year. Apart from individuals there are organized pilgrimages from the Swiss Catholic Cantons. The little town of 4000 inhabitants contains more than a hundred hotels and inns to provide for these periodic invasions. The object of pilgrimage is the miracle-working statue of the Madonna, traditionally brought to Einsiedeln from Zürich by Meinrad himself, but now known to date from several centuries later. The wooden Gothic statue has since become coal-black like the Lady of Loreto. Inside a marble shrine in the middle of the octagon room of the nave the 'black madonna', gorgeously attired, stands on an altar in an aureole of gilt clouds and sunbeams to receive the homage of the faithful. However mixed their motives the pilgrims have never ceased to come to Einsiedeln. The spiritual tension which finds relief in such journeys is neither exposed nor explained by the denunciations of a Zwingli or the witty disapproval of an English cleric, the Reverend William Coxe, when confronted in 1791 by "beves of

In the centre of the early 18th-century buildings is the present church. The grey-white façade, with its combination of straight and curved walls, barely hints at the baroque glories within

W. Marthal



damsels who seemed to enjoy the pilgrimage as much as Welsh lassies relish a wake”.

For the modern pilgrim the hardship of the journey has been replaced by the effortless efficiency of the electric railway which carries him to Einsiedeln in less than one and half hours from the cosmopolitan bustle of Zürich. We arrived in the evening after an exhilarating ascent in the mountain railway from Wädenswil, 17 kilometres distant on the shores of the Zürich-See. The elderly porter who bundled our suitcases onto a sledge with large curved handles like horns led us out from the station away from the streamlined purring electric coach into the muffled streets of the silent town. It is sometimes good to arrive at a new place by night. There was no sound except the creaking of the sledge across the snow as we walked up the main street toward the monastery and our hotel. People seemed already to have gone to bed. The wooden houses, every other one an inn for pilgrims, with their shutters, gables and

wrought-iron signs, belonged to the world of Bruegel and Dürer, suggesting the placid opening of some fairy tale. Even after a good dinner the same comfortable but unreal atmosphere persisted. The enormous monastery buildings, drenched in moonlight, stood out against the snowy backcloth of a hill rising steeply behind the furthest courtyard. Forlorn statues, immobile beneath their white mantles, looked down from the balustrades in the square. Even the trees took on the appearance of frozen plumage. The only movement came from a cat leaping lightly across the snow and a faint trickle of water into a trough near some farm buildings.

Next morning came the first visit to the church and interior of the monastery. In their present state the buildings date from 1704 to 1735 when a complete reconstruction of the monastery on a vast scale was carried out according to the plans of one of the lay brothers, Kaspar Moosbrugger. The grey-white stone façade is typically baroque with its combination of straight and curved walls. In the centre is the church with two lofty towers as wings. The bulging wall of the west end, its surface broken up by pilasters and windows, projects above the semi-circular sweep of arcades and steps in the open square like a great ship or barge riding slowly out to sea. But the grandest effect is reserved for the interior. The decoration here is the work of the Bavarian court painters, Cosmas and Egid Asam, who have achieved in Einsiedeln the most sumptuous baroque interior to be seen in Switzerland.

The usual reaction of the English traveller is a horrified disapproval of so much “fussy detail”, garish colour and general lack of restraint. The gaiety of a baroque church often suggests the opera-



On high days religious processions, chanting to the accompaniment of the town band, raise the mood of the pilgrims assembled at Einsiedeln towards the emotional level expressed by the architecture and internal decoration of the church



W. Marthaler

Inside the choir, separated from the nave of the church by an iron grille wrought in perspective, are the throne and canopy of the Prince-Abbot, and other characteristic pieces of baroque bravura

house, casino or ballet-décor rather than a place of worship. The unashamed display of wordly pomp offends sensitive minds accustomed to the purer lines of romanesque or gothic churches. Yet we shall not begin to appreciate baroque art until we realize that its appeal to the emotions is deliberate. A baroque church is meant to astonish. The movement of the Counter-Reformation, of which baroque was in part the architectural expression, did not seek to lull the mind but to stimulate it anew in the exercise of the Catholic faith. Men's souls were reached through their senses and the arts of the theatre were not despised in achieving the desired result. Attention was focused on the high altar, upon the figures of writhing saints and martyrs and upon the crucifix and other symbols of the Mass. It is a question for individual temperaments to decide whether this use of materialistic means for spiritual ends represents a union of the earthly with the divine or merely a cunning, Jesuitical

attempt to ensnare simple minds. Anybody, however, may learn to enjoy the flowing lines of baroque decoration, the flower-like patterns of scrolls and arabesques, the tendrils of stucco which go climbing across wall and ceiling without the support of any trellis and all the graduated tones which form the glowing colour-schemes of these interiors.

There is much else to see at Einsiedeln besides the church and its treasures. The monastery buildings contain long, cool corridors with brick floors, beautiful doorways with moulded lintels and walls hung with 18th-century prints, some of them so large as to appear to have been engraved in sections. In the north wing is a magnificent library. It is a room of light and airy elegance with uncoloured stucco decoration on a white vaulted ceiling, delicate gallery railings and undulating bookcases. There is no suggestion here of mustiness or the dust of ages. Among the superb collection of Bibles, incunabula, and manuscripts it is surprising to light on



W. Marthaler

In the gallery above the Abbot's throne St Luke, accompanied by his emblem the bull and carrying the picture of the Virgin which he is said to have painted, stands beside a richly encrusted pilaster



In the choir architecture, painting and sculpture form a complex yet integrated scheme of decoration. A glimpse of the upper choir, reserved for the monks, is seen through the columns above the High Altar



The enormous cupola fresco of the Nativity by Cosmas Asam incorporates both real and painted architectural features. Such merging of reality with illusion is a common feature of baroque art



Colour photographs by H. Hinz, by arrangement with Brügger A.G., Meiringen, Switzerland

The apparently limitless expanse of the cupola is filled with a crowd of figures. In this detail the angels accompany the shepherds as they hurry toward the stable where Mary displays her child

works by Trollope and Mrs Humphry Ward. The arrangement of the books and condition of the bindings indicate the care with which this library has been maintained. An English visitor cannot help reflecting that some of our own cathedral libraries might be equally impressive but for the looting and dispersal at the time of the Reformation.

Returning along one of the long corridors a double door admits the startled visitor without further warning into the upper choir reserved exclusively for the monks. The effect is that of walking onto a stage-set, for the frescoes of the brothers Torricelli reach from floor to ceiling and are like so many wings, with glimpses through columns of black marble down into the church. A passage leads into the gallery of the lower choir where the crimson opulence of the Abbot's throne catches the eye with a glow almost of fire. From this position, midway between the exaggerated cornices with their gesticulating

groups of angels, the sumptuous frescoes in their gilded stucco frames and the altar, grill and throne on floor level, the final glimpse of the lower choir acquires the intensity of a vision. It lasts but a moment. A few steps more and the dazed and breathless recipient of the vision is deposited outside the monastery to rest his eyes upon the white expanse of snow in the great square. Here, everything is normal. Groups of nuns or students stand talking together outside the entrances to church or gymnasium. Parties of shouting children chase each other into the narrow streets, darting on skates across the frozen snow with a reckless disregard for motor-cars or sleighs. Schoolboys returning home with satchels on their backs roll from side to side on skis. It is time for the midday meal and we go back to the hotel to brush the snow off our boots and sit for a long time over lunch sorting out impressions of the morning's visit to this great monastery.

How Some Plants Spread

by DR W. B. TURRILL

The following colour-plates are reproduced by permission of Adprint Ltd. and the Editors of the New Naturalist Series, published by Collins, in which they will shortly appear as illustrations to the volume British Plant Life by Dr Turrill, who is Keeper of the Herbarium and Library at Kew



John Markham

Plants are living organisms and as such not only feed and grow but also multiply and spread. The majority of the seed-bearing plants are rooted in one spot all their lives and cannot spread by self-movement. The most important phase of the life-history in which dispersal can occur is that of the seed. There are many mechanisms in fruits and seeds which result in widespread scattering of the latter with their well-protected embryos. Birds (and other animals), wind, and water all play a part as dispersal agents in different species. In some cases "vegetative propagation" supplements or even replaces spread by seeds; and bulbs, runners, suckers, and tubers may effectively

multiply plants within a short radius of the parent. Flowers, of course, precede the formation of seeds and mechanisms for spreading pollen are thus closely connected with those for spreading seeds. (Above) In the Hawthorns, for example, the masses of white flowers, or "may" as they are often called, are followed by beautiful red fruits or "haws". Pollination is by insects and birds disperse the seeds by eating the fruits. The soft covering of the latter is digested but the embryo in the seed is protected by a hard covering and either passes uninjured through the bird or is disgorged without damage. The seeds do not germinate till at least the second year after being deposited



F. Ballard

(Above) The flowers of the Wild Roses, briars, or dog roses of our hedgerows, brushwoods, and woods produce no nectar but attract insect visitors by their shape, colour, and odour. Bees and bumble-bees are especially responsible for pollination. The flowers are followed by brightly coloured "hips" whose attractive outer fleshy portion encloses a dozen or so true one-seeded fruits which are hard "pips" like small nutlets. The hips are eaten by birds which are

the main agents of spread, but also by cattle and deer. The seeds have been found uninjured in animal excreta. A few birds, notably the Waxwing, a winter migrant here, feed almost exclusively on rose-hips. The fruits do not fall naturally but, unless eaten, remain on the bushes through the winter. Their flesh is rich in vitamin C and rose-hip syrup is now well-known. There are many kinds of dog roses and some multiply vegetatively by suckers



John Markham

(Above) The Yew casts a very dense shade all the year through, so that where it dominates, other plants are shaded out and the ground beneath a yew tree is usually bare. Yew trees are either male or female, and pollination is brought about by the wind. A female flower produces a single seed which, when ripe, is surrounded by a bright scarlet cup known as an "aril". Birds gorge on the seeds and are mainly responsible for the natural spread of the plant. (Opposite, above) There are many different kinds of Brambles some of which produce viable

seeds by a kind of virgin-birth, that is without fertilization. Vegetative propagation is also common, the ends of long branches arching over and becoming buried in the soil in which they root. If the branch becomes separated from the parent an independent individual is formed. (Opposite, below) The Greater Knapweed spreads by one-seeded fruits which are produced by the disc florets of the fine flower heads. The fruits are dispersed short distances by the wind but, in Britain, the plant is widely spread by human activities as a weed



F. Ballard



Brian Perkins



John Markham

(Above) The extensive carpets formed by the Wild Hyacinth or bluebell in many oakwoods are so thick as to prevent the growth of most other possible associates. Bracken and soft-grass, however, sometimes form a community with wild hyacinths as the soil requirements, modes of life, periods of vegetative growth, and times of reproduction of the three kinds of plants are different. The wild hyacinth multiplies both by producing daughter bulbs and by seeds.

The round, black, shining seeds germinate in November and the young seedlings develop contractile roots which pull the enlarging bulbs underground. The seedlings flower usually about their fifth year. The mature wild hyacinth's leaves only appear above ground in late winter, the flowers in April, and the dry, capsular fruits in summer when the leaves are dying. The colour, odour, and nectar of the flowers attract insect visitors which effect pollination

Seen in Budapest

Notes and Photographs
by TOM L. BLAU



Soviet soldiers, the conquerors and liberators of Budapest, are rarely seen there now, the few one meets being attached to the Embassy of the U.S.S.R. They walk about unarmed and smile at little children, but otherwise remain aloof from the citizens. These remember the Red Army's entry after one of history's most terrible and prolonged battles of siege. House by house, in face of desperate resistance by the Germans and their Hungarian Arrow-Cross supporters, the Rus-

sians took Pest and, fully five weeks later, Buda. When I stopped this Soviet Army officer and his men in the Heroes' Square, I had neither a special authorization nor an official escort; yet no one questioned my use of a camera at random. In view of what is commonly reported in Western countries about conditions behind the 'Iron Curtain', I had hardly expected such freedom to go about Hungary's capital taking photographs, which were not developed till after my return to London



(Left) *Liberation, 1945. Visible from all over Budapest, this statue stands on top of Mount Gellert, some 500 ft above the Danube. Its inscription, in Hungarian and Russian, reads: "To the memory of the liberating Soviet heroes; the grateful Hungarian people, 1945." The city has five other monuments to the Red Army war dead at prominent points*



(Right) *Liberation, 1919. A statue erected in Freedom Square: "To the heroic American general, noble champion of justice, in honoured remembrance; the grateful Hungarian nation, 1919." When a band of heavily-armed soldiers, belonging to a Rumanian army engaged in looting Budapest, was about to invade the government buildings, General Bandholtz drove them away with his riding crop*



Much of Budapest—especially of Buda—still lies in ruins, despite the vigorous removal of débris. Café life and musical entertainment are reviving amid the shell-shattered remnants of past grandeur; and there is a melancholy symbolism about the Muse with the lyre that surveys an open-air restaurant on the Danube embankment (with tables laid but only one taken) from the front of what was once Budapest's most elegant concert-hall.

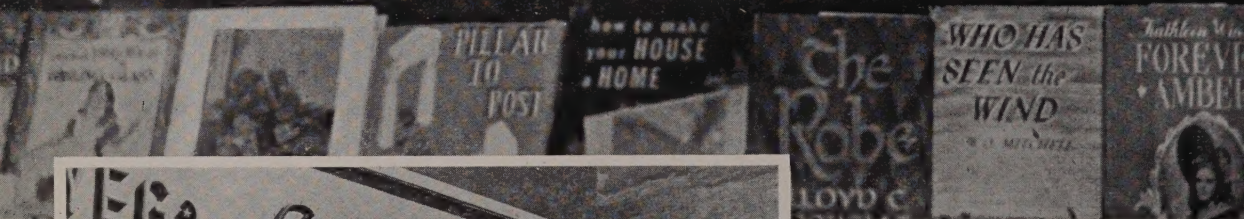


Christine Szigeti, a ten-year-old Budapest schoolgirl. Hungary's most violent post-war battle, that of State versus Church, is being waged around children like her. Education in Hungary (with 65 per cent of its people Roman Catholic) has for many generations been largely in the hands of the clergy. Now all schools have been nationalized—"without impairing the rights of the churches to teach religion". This step, legalized by Parliament on June 16, is being defiantly opposed by the Catholics under Cardinal Mindszenty, although the Protestant clergy have accepted the edict

(Right) Two of the 20,000 war orphans who until recently have been roaming Hungary begging and stealing, often in gangs. The government is now trying to restore these little vagabonds to normal life by placing them in 'Children's Towns' where, while religious instruction is compulsory, the Church no longer controls the children's whole education. (Opposite) On the hill from which 11th-century infidels threw St Gellert into the Danube, his statue still holds the cross aloft. The same spot was chosen by Cardinal Mindszenty to address an open-air meeting last May







(Above) *British and American literature is prominently displayed in Budapest's book-shops, and news-stands provide such publications as The Times, Picture Post, Life and The New York Herald Tribune.* (Left) *There is an air of vigour and enterprise about the shopping districts, in which ground-floor shops replace bombed buildings. They often carry inscriptions and labels in English, now the first foreign language taught in schools*



(Above) A peasant woman in Budapest: a reminder of the city's dependence on the countryside for staple foodstuffs. She has been selling the farm produce she had brought to town in her baskets. (Right) Windows of food-shops are packed to capacity. American, Danish and Hungarian tinned and other foods can be bought in any quantity. Many delicacies are beyond the average purse; but other provisions are cheap and plentiful





The man with the whip-hand. Istvan Bertok, a small-holder on the outskirts of Budapest, represents the most important class in predominantly agricultural Hungary—the peasants, who since the 1945 land reform own 83.5 per cent of the cultivated land, in holdings of from five to forty acres. Though rejoicing in ownership, they doubt its permanency, fearing recent moves by the Communist-dominated government may lead to collectivization